THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 8, 1808.

ACCOUNT *of a* RECENT VOYAGE *to the* NORTH CAPE.

By A. F. SKJOLDEBRAND, a Swedish Gentleman.

ALTEN, a port of the Frozen Ocean, is situated on the shore of a bay, called Kaafiord, which forms part of the Altenfiord, or gulph of Alten, in 69 deg. 50 min. north latitude. The life of the inhabitants of this place appears rather singular to the natives of more genial climates. In summer, and especially when the sun is perpetually above the horizon, they rise at ten in the morning, dine at five or six in the evening, sup at one, and go to bed at three or four o'clock in the morning. In winter, and during the long night, which lasts from the beginning of December to the end of January, they remain in a kind of apathy corresponding with the season. More than half of the twenty-four hours is devoted to sleep; when they awake, they do nothing but warm themselves, almost all business being entirely at a stand.

The house of the only merchant in the place, at which we lodged, stood on the summit of a very high high hill, which slopes away to the sea. A Danish ship lay at anchor in the port, waiting for a cargo of dried and salt fish, of which a considerable quantity is exported from Alten. Near the shore were store-houses filled with that commodity, and large heaps are likewise piled up in the open air. A promontory, composed of a white and reddish rock, stretches into the sea, and incloses the interior of the basin. On the opposite side the gulph is bordered by a range of lofty mountains, whose summits, speckled with snow, rise to the very clouds.

The air of Alten is pure, and very salubrious. The soil is sandy, but tolerably fertile. In the kitchen-garden may be

seen potatoes and brown cole, besides which the inhabitants sow nothing but rye. The pine and the birch are the most common trees.

That part of the ocean which washes these shores, never freezes except in the interior of the gulphs, where its waters, otherwise extremely salt, are tempered by the fresh current of some river or stream that discharges itself into them. From the information I collected on the spot, it appears, that the floating masses which are detached from the everlasting ice of the pole are not to be seen 'till you have proceeded seventeen miles (one hundred and nineteen English) beyond the North Cape, and then only with a telescope.

We soon made inquiries concerning the means of prosecuting our route to the North Cape, and were informed that the safest way was to take a small boat, as, in case of tempestuous weather, we might at any time go on shore; but that it would require some days to find good rowers. We accordingly dispatched a person to procure them. On the 15th of July we met with a suitable vessel and four good Norwegian rowers, one of whom was a very skilful old pilot. We immediately took on board provisions sufficient to last us several days on shore, in case of exigency, and set sail at two in the afternoon, with a favourable breeze, and the finest weather imaginable.

Our course was northerly, between projecting necks of land which form a multitude of very narrow bays. The coasts are bordered with enormous mountains, most of which are peaked. Almost all of them had patches of snow on the east and south sides, and the habitations of the fishermen were, in general, to the eastward of the gulphs. Sometimes the wind, coming from the open sea, rushed through deep vallies, forming whirlwinds, which would have upset our vessel, had we not taken care to lower the sail at their approach. After these moments of danger, we found ourselves all at once in a dead calm, under shelter of the mountains. The aspect of the sea varied every instant; sometimes resembling a polished mirror, it reflected the image of the hideous rocks that bordered it; now the surface, ruffled by a light breeze, appeared of a very dark azure colour; now agitated by the whirlwinds I have just mentioned, the waves became quite black or were whitened with foam. The wind changed every moment, owing to the tortuous defiles through which it passed, so that there was no rest for those who guided the helm and managed the sail. The tide rises considerably for six hours, and falls in like manner, which produces a strong motion in the water, especially if the wind be contrary to the current; in the straits we often had cataracts, as it were, to ascend, or descend. Nevertheless, the skill of the boatmen soon relieved us so far from all apprehensions,

hensions, that we could resign ourselves to the contemplation of the gigantic scenes, which, like dreams, passed in succession before us.

The wind having subsided, and our boatmen being fatigued, we went on shore at the mouth of a little river, which falls like a cascade into the seas. Having rested themselves, we again set sail about midnight. The mountains to the westward intercepted the view of the sun, whose rays illumined those on the opposite side. There was but very little wind the rest of that night and the following day, so that we advanced but very slowly, being obliged to use the oars almost without intermission.

During our voyage on the 16th we observed a Lapland fishing-hut, seated on a little hill between two enormous rocks, which towered to the very clouds. The striking contrast formed by the rich verdure of the hill, and the dreary aspect of the rocks, the beauty of the sea gently agitated by a light breeze, the solitary and forlorn situation of the hut, cut off from all communication, except with a sea more frequently terrific than beautiful, all together contributed to give an interest to this spectacle.

There being little wind, the heat increased, and a vapour, absolutely suffocating, rose from the sea, a circumstance the more remarkable, as the water grows colder the farther we advance toward the north. At night we landed at a place where there were some fishermen's huts, and there spent a few hours.

In one of these huts, lighted by the faint glimmer of a perpetual fire, was an old sick woman, about ninety years of age. Her daughter-in-law, a young Laplander, very handsome, and with a physiognomy uncommonly prepossessing, attended her with the most affectionate assiduity. At the sight of the pilot, the old woman burst into tears, while her daughter-in-law endeavoured to console her. At length, having dried her tears, she fixed her eyes on the ground with an expression of deep distress, at which the pilot and the boatmen could not restrain their tears. After several questions concerning the cause of their grief, we were informed that the last time these men had visited the place, the good woman was in perfect health, but on the day of their departure, she had a stroke of apoplexy, which deprived her of her speech, in which state she had ever since remained. This scene, which to some readers may perhaps appear ridiculous, was, at the moment, highly interesting. The tears of these brave Norwegians, who with a smile would have confronted dangers the most appalling, prove that true courage consists not in obduracy, and that human nature in all its primitive vigour is susceptible of the tenderest sensations.

When these emotions of grief had somewhat subsided, the old woman made a sign to sit, or rather to lie, down on the rein-deers' skins, which had been spread for us on straw; and her daughter-in-law presented us with milk as gracefully as though she had been a shepherdess of Arcadia. We would fain have remained longer in this interesting asylum, but one of the boatmen came to inform us that the wind was favourable, a circumstance of which it was necessary to avail ourselves.

We continued our voyage between "heaven-kissing" mountains, some of which were almost covered with snow. Towards evening, the wind increased to such a degree that the pilot advised us to land on the first accessible shore, lest we should happen to be in the strait of Qvalesund, at the return of the tide, where our loss would be inevitable, should a tempest overtake us.

We complied with his advice, but not without regret, as it was essential that we should make the best use of our time. Having soon found a bay, encircled with a plain, on which were some fishermen's huts, we landed, and pitched our tent on the beach, that we might be ready to embark the first favourable moment; but the wind encreasing in violence, and becoming more and more contrary, we were obliged to pass the whole night and the following day in this place. This interval I spent partly in finishing some of the drawings I had previously made, partly in walking on the beach, killing snipes, or seeking shells. My fellow-traveller was, meanwhile, engaged in collecting plants and insects. With respect to the latter class, in particular, I am under the necessity of acknowledging my ignorance. The chief cause of it is, perhaps, to be ascribed to the following circumstance: Having begun to make a collection of insects in that happy period of life when all impressions are strong and profound, I caught a very large butterfly, which I considered as a treasure. After an absence of a week, the first thing I did was to visit my collection, and, on opening the drawer which contained this butterfly, I found it still alive, writhing its body, and clapping its wings. The effect of this sight will never be effaced from my recollection, though it had been no wonder, if many succeeding ones had made me forget it; after endeavouring to put an end to the torments of the insect by the most speedy death, I passed several nights in remorse, and since that moment have always felt excessive repugnance to torture any living creature. Were the case to be argued, has any man right to inflict, at pleasure, the most cruel torments on beings the degree of whose sensibility it is impossible to calculate with certainty; and is not the remorse of childhood the voice of nature, to which, from

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the unfortunate habit of stifling it, we become totally insensible in a more mature age?

(To be concluded in our next.)

On the Dangers attending a Life of Dissipation; and the Folly of depending upon the Promises of the Great.

IT is a remark, generally made by persons who are under the influence of misfortune, that those, which are brought upon themselves, depress the faculties of the mind; while those, which occur by the ordination of providence, receive fortitude to support, and vigour to sustain their weight! Unhappily for me, I do not enjoy this consolation, for the distresses under which I labour are the work of my own hands; yet as a description of my imprudence may prove instructive to the incautious, I shall candidly relate the principal events of my life.

My father was a clergyman of the church of England, no less admired for the orthodoxy of his sentiments, than the purity of his life; who, after waiting several years in the hope of obtaining preferment, at length had the good fortune to procure it, through the influence of his wife. My mother was distantly related to a nobleman's lady, with whom she had resided several years in a humble and dependant style, until, tired of the sacrifices she was continually obliged to make to the caprices of her protectress, she resolved by marrying my father to break through the bonds of constraint. He was at that time only curate of the parish, in which the peer resided, but the living happened to be in that gentleman's gift, and the incumbent was so great a martyr to infirmity, that it was supposed he had not even many months to live. As the speculation appeared good, and my mother possessed many personal attractions, my father thought he could not do amiss by entering into the marriage state; but the old gentleman's unexpected recovery defeated his expectations, and ten years elapsed before his wishes were obtained.

I made my appearance on the theatre in less than a twelvemonth after the connubial knot was tied, and for five successive years my mother regularly made a practice of presenting her husband with an additional child. These pledges of domestic love, at length softened Lady Sedley's resentments, and she frequently sent my mother many acceptable proofs of regard, and by the aid of tears, prayers, and supplications, she had the happiness of completely softening her heart. The consequence of this reconciliation was an invitation to the hall; and I, as being the elder, was desired to be brought, and

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as I happened at that age to have no small portion of beauty to recommend me, I immediately became a great favourite with the young lord. My visits to the hall soon became very frequent, and were sometimes protracted for the space of a month; and at length I became so necessary to his lordship's pleasures, that his mother proposed my residing entirely at the hall. This proposal of course my parents joyfully accepted, as they knew I should have every advantage of education without the slightest expence; and from that moment I was placed under the care of Lord Clifton's tutor, and received exactly the same instruction as himself. Though his lordship had at first a material advantage over me in his studies, from being my senior between two and three years, yet as he was extremely indolent, and I was fond of application, I was soon his superior both in Latin and Greek. This superiority was so far from exciting any rivalship between us, that it seemed to strengthen the bonds of friendship which he had formed, and I not only became necessary to his pleasures, but always assisted in the performance of his tasks.

I shall not give a detail of my boyish amusements, but merely say, that when his lordship went to college I accompanied him there, and though he was entered as a fellow commoner, and I as a pensioner, I shared all his pleasures without participating in the expence. Though my father had lost two little ones in childhood, yet three of us still remained; and he annually contrive to lay by the half of his income as a provision for my mother and her children at his death. The allowance, therefore, he made me, during my residence at college, would not permit me to live in an expensive style, and I was continually receiving admonitory letters from him, imploring me never to run in debt. These interesting epistles, breathing all that solicitude which an anxious father was so likely to feel, produced little effect upon our imagination, which had imperceptibly acquired a fondness for expence.

As the earl had promised to procure me a place under government, I quitted the university at the accustomed time; but when it was determined that Lord Clifton was to set out for the continent, he begged that I might be permitted to attend his steps. Though I had seldom drawn upon my father for more than my allowance, yet he was no stranger to the dissipated life I led; and he could not bear the idea of my adding the vices of foreign countries to those he believed I already possessed; but how to avoid this, without offending my patron, was a difficulty he did not find easy to remove, but at length he determined candidly to tell him the full extent of all his fear.

These, instead of commiserating, his lordship ridiculed; told him, that if I availed myself of the advantages of travelling, I might become under secretary of state, and again repeated

peated his former promises, of procuring me on my return a most advantageous place. Every thing, of course, was arranged for my departure, and we commenced our tour under the auspices of the gentleman who had been the instructor of our youth; but we had become too independant to be guided by his councils, and thought it beneath men of our spirit to submit to constraint.

We entered into every species of fashionable amusement, with an avidity which alarmed the worthy Mr. Dawson's fears, and as he had a real friendship for my father, he advised him to recall me from such dangerous scenes. The advice, however, was too late for my lamented father to put in practice, who died the day before the letter arrived, and the grief which my poor mother felt upon the occasion, was augmented by the distressing account of her child. She wrote, however, imploring me to return immediately to England, and said the death of my father would be an apology to Lord C——, and concluded by painting, in the most affecting colours, the ill consequences which must attend my present mode of life.

Shocked as I at first was by the account of the death of my beloved father, yet the lively scenes I was engaged in soon dissipated my gloom, and instead of attending to my mother's admonitions, I plunged still deeper into the gulf of vice. We happened to be at Venice at the time of the carnival, and Lord Clifton was peculiarly struck with the charms of a lady of rank, who availed herself of the scene of licentiousness that was going forward, to give him the most positive proofs of her regard. We had been stationary at Venice some short time before the carnival, and were to quit it as soon as its gaieties closed, but this sudden attachment completely subverted all the plans that has been previously formed. The lady was the widow of a Spanish nobleman, and had been attracted to Venice by the same magnet as ourselves; and though a widow, she was under the care of a duenna, who had lived in that capacity before she became a wife.

Donna Isabella, which was the name of this captivating female, for, in delicacy to her family, I shall conceal the title which she bore, was certainly one of the most perfect species of human workmanship which the hand of nature ever formed. She had been united to a man old enough to be her grandfather, in compliance with her family's desire, but the sacrifice she had made to their inclinations was terminated, at the end of nine months, by his death. The sprightliness of youth was added to the loveliness of beauty, for she did not appear to be more than eighteen, and her manners were more tinctured with the vivacity of the Italians than with the natural reserve which the German ladies possess.

While his lordship was paying his devotions to this enchantress, my business was to lull the suspicions of her friend, who, with all her pretensions to prudence, was not proof against my flattery, or the more expensive marks of esteem which Lord Clifton frequently sent. Though I was too great an admirer of female beauty, not to feel the power of Donna Isabella's charms, yet I did not attempt to create any influence over her heart; for honour forbade the very idea of my endeavouring to obtain the slightest proofs of that lady's regard. Notwithstanding this, I could not help observing, that whenever her eyes were turned toward me, a peculiar kind of softness was expressed, which it was impossible for me not to construe into that favourable impression which my more attractive figure had made upon her breast. This declaration may, doubtless, have the appearance of vanity, but in manly beauty I had a manifest superiority over my friend, whose person was so extremely delicate and effeminate, that he had the appearance of a lady who had altered her style of dress.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 47.

EUGENIO TO EVANDER.

Res severa est verum gaudium.

SEN.

Retire and read thy *Bible* to be *gay*.

YOUNG.

WHY does Evander complain that religion is a foe to happiness? How is it possible that a person of such excellent abilities should become the dupe of so fatal a delusion! Yet 'tis even so; nor (to speak candidly) am I at all astonished at it. No, Evander! I am too well acquainted with the men of the world not to know their misconceptions of real joy. They invariably attribute it to a continual round of fashionable dissipation; exclusive of which, they are at best but miserable blanks in creation; wretched in themselves, and useless to their fellow creatures. The summer insect (the being of a day) possesses a far more enviable existence. He bathes his silken wings in the dews of morning; his food is the balmy nectar of the woodbine; and, cradled amidst the blossoms of the fragrant rose, the breath of evening rocks him to repose. All *beyond* this is to *him* oblivion! But what is it to *us*, Evander?

"Ah! there's the rub."

What *is* it? Oh! an *eternity*—an awful eternity! a never-ending scene of happiness or misery, in which repentance comes too late. And can you doubt it, my friend? If, then, 'tis erroneous,

"Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before us,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it."

According to my former definition of happiness, (and which no one has attempted to refute) religion, instead of being an obstacle, is the only sure method of obtaining it.

But the most offensive portion of your letter, Evander, is a want of candour. You tell me (no doubt with an idea of palliating your misconduct) that *hypocrisy* is a predominating principle in the composition of sanctity. But where is the liberality of such an unlimited conclusion? Yet, even were it true, (which Heaven forbid to be the case!) it by no means answers the purpose of exculpation; for the Almighty does not judge of our merits or demerits comparatively with those of our fellow-creatures, but individually, and as a matter that interests each member of the Christian church exclusively. Therefore, however deep in the abyss of infamy, any apostate may plunge himself, *his* degradation by no means raises *you* a step higher in the esteem of God. In short, Evander, this is the language of revelation: that if you err but in a single point—if you break but *one* of the holy commandments, you are equally, and, to all intents and purposes, as amenable to the sentence of the law, as if you had trampled on the whole. Such, I say, is the language of inspiration; and if you disbelieve it, you must resign every pretension to Christianity. To have a clear comprehension of the doctrines of the *New* Testament, it is requisite to be acquainted with the *Old*. The latter points out the malady of sin, and the former the remedy. The latter contains a law, too strict for the observance of our fallen nature. The former offers a medium, through which (after the breaking such law) we may nevertheless obtain the happiness promised as a reward for its performance. And this is through the merits and mediation of the blessed Saviour. We must be saved through faith in Christ, and not by works. "Not by works!" you exclaim, "then we all stand on the same footing, and have

an equal chance (sinners and saints) for the promised salvation. What a licentious doctrine!" *Licentious*, Evander! I deny it. Let me ask you what *is* faith. Is it a verbal assent? Is it merely a casual repetition of the church creed? *Such* a faith is the faith of idiotism. *No*, Sir! there is no faith without holiness. Good works are its fruit, and no faith can be genuine without them.

Then look to your actions, scrutinize them attentively, and tell me sincerely whether *you* are a true believer. And above all things, despise the weakness of resorting to the infamy of others as a foil to your own imperfections. The man that madly thinks to deceive *God*, deceives himself most egregiously; for the Almighty is an omniscient being, that knows all the secret workings of the heart; and if you doubt it, blush not if Seneca should instruct you.

"Sic certe vivendum est, tanquam in conspectu vivamus: sic cogitandum, tanquam aliquis in pectus intimum inspicere possit: et potest. Quid enim prosit ab homine aliquid esse secretum? Nihil *Deo* clausum est. Interest animis nostris, et cogitationibus mediis intervenit."

But how still more beautiful are the words of the psalmist!

"O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting and my up-rising; thou understandest my thoughts long before. Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways. For lo, there is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether. Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me: I cannot attain to it. Whither shall I go then from thy spirit? or whither shall I go then from thy presence? If I climb up into Heaven, thou art there; if I go down to Hell, thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, peradventure, the darkness shall cover me, then shall my night be turned to day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness to thee, but the night is as clear as the day; the darkness and light to thee are both alike."

And is not this reflection a very serious and pressing inducement to reformation? I know none greater. How must the guilty soul shudder, when it considers that all its secret machinations of envy, hatred, and malice—that all the illicit passions and desires of the bosom are exposed to the observation of a God, in whose eyes our very best works are tinctured with impurity!

As I remarked in my former letter to you, we are both in the prime of life; but what then? Is it wisdom to defer repentance to a later period? That expected period may never arrive. A day—an hour—a *minute* may be fatal to us. Death comes

comes unlooked for, and frequently passes by the dwellings of infirmity to crop the sweetest blossoms of health and loveliness. Witness the fate of Maria; you cannot have forgotten her. Maria was the pride of the village. Her dimpled cheeks were flushed with the bloom of eighteen summers; and her sparkling eyes betrayed the joyous emotions of a bosom unassailed by sorrow. When the chime of the musical bells welcomed the return of May morning, Maria was chosen queen of the day. She wore a garland of roses, and a knot of white ribbons decorated her auburn ringlets. I saw her sylph-like form eminently distinguished as the most elegant of the dancers; I heard the voice of age pronounce her the unrivalled empress of the village green. But alas! that village-green will never more be imprinted by her steps; those village bells will never again arouse her to festivity. Mute is the approving tongue of age; and the tear of regret bedews the grassy mansion of her repose.

Farewell, Evander! and ponder on the fate of Maria!

X.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of CHANCERY.

EDWARD LLOYD *v.* THE REV. LOCKHART LEITH, CLERK.

THE above cause, which came on before Sir William Grant, the master of the rolls, on Tuesday, July 12, 1808, decided a question of considerable importance to persons interested in tythes. Mr. Leith, the rector of South Ockendon, in Essex, had, for eight or nine years together, acquiesced in Mr. Lloyd's retaining his small tithes, upon an understanding that the same were to be commuted for by a pecuniary payment, which the plaintiff contended had been reduced to a certainty by the defendant, who not only denied the same, but insisted upon being paid a certain sum per acre for the whole of the above period. Mr. Lloyd, the plaintiff, considering his demand as exorbitant, refused to pay it; upon which the rector exhibited his libel in the ecclesiastical court, calling upon the plaintiff, Lloyd, to set forth in detail the particulars of his small tithes, during the time he, the rector, had so acquiesced in Mr. Lloyd's retaining them.

The plaintiff filed his bill in the court of chancery, praying for an injunction to restrain the defendant from proceeding in the spiritual court, and for an account upon the footing of an agreement, alledged by the plaintiff to have been entered into, and acted upon by the parties. His honour (without deciding

upon the agreement) observed, that if a clergyman once consents to a money demand, it is a breach of faith to go into the spiritual court, as for a test, and consequently decreed, that an injunction should issue, and the accounts be taken in the master's office, according to the prayer of the plaintiff's bill.

FOX CHACE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE following fox chace, which took place about nine weeks ago, in the counties of Inverness and Perth, has, perhaps, never been equalled in the annals of fox-hunting. On the 8th of June, near Dunkeld, Perthshire, there were seen on the high road a fox and a hound proceeding at a very slow trotting pace. The dog was about the distance of fifty yards behind the fox; each was so fatigued, and so spent, that the latter could not out-run the former, nor the former overtake the latter. A countryman, who observed them in this state, very easily caught the fox by running. Both the fox and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where the dog received every mark of hospitality to which his unceasing pursuit entitled him, and Reynard was placed in a garden as a prisoner of war; but whether from over-fatigue, or from a determination not to out-live the loss of his liberty, he refused to take any sustenance, and the consequence was, that he died the following day.

After the lapse of a week, the dog seemed quite recovered from the fatigues of the chace, on which it was determined by the gentleman whose kindness he so much experienced, to tie a letter to his neck, and let him go, in which all the circumstances that passed in that place were stated. It concluded with requesting the owner of the dog, if ever he found his way home, to acquaint Mr. S——t, by post, where the fox was started, in order that the length of the chace, and the time employed in it might be ascertained. In ten days after Mr. S——t received a letter acquainting him, that the dog had arrived safe at his master's house in Badenoch; that he was one of the hounds of the duke of Gordon's fox-hunter, in that country; and that the fox was started in the morning of the king's birth-day, on the top of those hills, called the Monaliadh, which separate Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From hence it appears, that the chace lasted four days, and that the distance travelled from the place where the game was sprung, to the place where it was caught, without making any allowances for doubles, crosses, and tergiversations, exceeded seventy miles.

FASHIONS

FASHIONS *for* AUGUST, 1808.

[From La Belle Assemblee.]

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.

A Round robe, of white or jonquille muslin, made a walking length, with spencer waist, and deep falling lappels, trimmed with lace, and edged at the wrist to correspond. A bonnet of celestial blue crape, with jockey, or antique front, edged and ornamented with the shell, or honey-comb trimming formed of the same material. Gloves and shoes of pale blue, or lemon-coloured kid. Necklace and bracelets of the composition pebble; and ear-rings of silver filligree, of the hoop form. Hair in full irregular curls. Quilted parasol of shaded silk, lined with white satin.

No. 2.

A round dress of pea-green, or lilac muslin, over a white cambric slip; a short cottage sleeve, plain back, and handkerchief front, fastened in a small tufted bow and ends at the centre of the bosom. Provincial bonnet of fine split straw, or moss straw, with band and full bow of folded sarsnet, the colour of the dress, terminating in a pendant end on the left side, and finished with a correspondent tassel. A Sardinian mantle of French net, muslin, or spotted leno; the corners terminated in a full knot and end. A double high frill round the throat, edged with scolloped lace, tied in front with a ribband to suit the robe. Pale York tan gloves; shoes of pea-green and black kid; Chinese parasol of white sarsnet.

No. 3.

EVENING DRESS.

A round robe of India muslin, Paris net, or leno, worn over a white sarsnet, or cambric slip; tamboured in a snail stripe, either in white or colours. The dress formed on the most simple construction; a plain back, and wrap front, sitting close to the form; a plain frock sleeve, edged with the antique scollop; a short train, finished round the bottom in a similar style. Hair brought tight from the roots behind, and twisted in a cable knot on one side, the ends formed in falling ringlets on the other, with full irregular curls. A full red and white rose, or ranunculus, placed on the crown of the head, rather towards one side. Emerald necklace linked with dead gold. Ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. French kid gloves above the elbow. Pea-green slippers of fancy kid.

GENERAL

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE SEVERAL FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

The extreme warmth of the weather since our last communication, has compelled our fair fashionables to discard every article, which, either in substance or formation, conveys an idea of weight and heat; and we consequently see crape, clear muslin, leno, pignet gauze, and net of various shades and hues, take place of sarsnet, shawl muslin, and Chinese silk.

The yellow and pink pelisse of shawl muslin, and imperial cambric, is now become so very general, that though an enlivening and attractive habit, we cannot any longer rank it amidst a fashionable selection. They are now worn by every description of females; and the tired eye turns from their oppressive glare to rest on the cool and refreshing shade of pea-green, primrose, celestial blue, silver grey, and pale lilac. In pelisses, scarfs, robes, and mantles, these colours are very distinguishable; and they are composed of the most light and transparent textures. There is little novelty in their construction, and they are generally formed and disposed in so varied and fanciful a style as to preclude the possibility of any regular or decided delineation.

The Spanish mantle, and patriotic bonnet, are lately become a favourite appendage to the out-door costume, and are at once both interesting and elegant. The former article differs little from the Spanish cloak, so long in fashionable request, except that it is shorter than they are usually worn; has square ends, finished with tassels, and a deep cape formed in sharp points, or scollops. It is composed of clear muslin, or crape, and bordered with chenille. The bonnet is constructed with a round crown, somewhat like the jockey cap, but has a deep front, which is turned up so as to appear like a Spanish hat, and ornamented with the union border in chenille. At the *dejeuné*, or in public parties, they are decorated with the ostrich, or willow feather; but on less particular occasions are worn plain, or with a simple rose or cockade in front. The Patuski bonnet and Sardinian mantle are also worthy of adoption, from their graceful construction, and adaption to the form; and the compact and ingenious composition of the honey-comb tippet, must render it a favourite summer ornament, and well worthy of a place in a select wardrobe. We recommend them, however, rather to be formed of coloured crape, or muslin, than white. The straw hat and bonnet is now entirely confined to the walking and morning dress.

In carriages, and on the evening parade, the hair with flowers, jewellery, small French caps and veils, small half handkerchiefs of figured net, edged with scolloped lace, placed towards one side of the head, the point fastened nearly in the front, with

with a brooch of silver, pearl, diamonds, &c. the ends brought under the chin, exposing the hair on one side, in full curls, is by far the most fashionable style of decoration for the head. The Persian braid, or cable twist, with the ends curled full on the crown of the head, or on one side, fastened with a gold filligree vine-leaf, with an animated butterfly in the centre, is often adopted by those females, the luxuriance and beauty of whose tresses induce them wisely to reject a redundancy of ornament.

The style of gowns and robes offer little novelty since our last communication, except that the long waist is becoming universal. It extends behind to the commencement of the fall in the back; taking in its regular circumference a portion of the small of the waist. This we consider a most natural and becoming termination; from which (as our fair fashionables are too apt to run into extremes) we take occasion to advise them neither to advance nor recede.

The high gown and long sleeve, with the lozenge, or crescent front, most properly constitutes the morning habit; net shirts with lace beading, formed in this style, are well adapted for evening dress, where either the decline of youth, or other causes, prevent the display of the throat and neck. In full dress, however, we scarcely see any covering for the bosom and shoulders, but such as is attached to the robe, or supplied by a tucker or border of lace.

No lady of fashion now appears in public without a ridicule —which contains her handkerchief, fan, card-money, and essence-bottle. They are at this season usually composed of rich figured sarsnet, plain satin, or silver tissue, with correspondent strings and tassels—their colours appropriated to the robes with which they are worn. The stomacher antique, and laced cottage front; the simple wrap front bordered to suit the dress, with short sash, tied either behind or in front, are conspicuous amidst the gored and round bosoms, which are still very general.

Silver filligree ornaments have not had so great a claim to fashionable distinction, as from their novelty we might have expected. In this instance our females have evinced their judgment and taste. As we have before advanced, so we continue to proclaim them a most flat and insipid ornament, and only calculated from their neatness to soften the somewhat oppressive glow of the coloured robe. Crosses of diamonds, pearls, and every species of jewellery, though scarcely ever out of fashion, are now more than usually distinguishable. The Egyptian amulet is at this time formed in a large lozenge square, set in a rim of plain burnished gold. Coloured patent pearl of various shades is considered exceedingly elegant as a minor article in this line. Necklaces and bracelets of the new com-

position, amulet pebble, is a trinket comprising much novelty and taste; twisted necklaces and bracelets are on the decline.

In the article of gloves we have observed the pea-green and pale olive, of French kid, to unite with those recommended in our last. Shoes of painted kid, checked at the toes, jean wrought in a leaf, together with plain colours, are now worn even by the pedestrian fair. In full dress we scarcely see any thing but white satin, French silk, and kid, variously trimmed. The most fashionable colours for the season will be found at the commencement of these remarks.

Trains of any remarkable length are now seldom seen; but some few females have lately appeared in parties, with their robes resting about a quarter of a yard on the ground. This, we hope, is approaching to that graceful and distinguishing style which should mark the several degress of personal attire.

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.

MRS. Joanna Pitt, of St. Stephen's, near St. Albans, who died there the 20th of June, 1777, was the daughter of John Pitt, aid-de-camp to the great duke of Marlborough; she bequeathed to her family, among other legacies, a small piece of gold, of which she left the following account in writing:

"The small Danish piece of gold mentioned in my will, which I desire may be kept in my family, was acquired as follows: My father, John Pitt, was aid-de-camp to his grace the duke of Marlborough, at the siege of Doway; the army was very sickly, and duty being hard upon the officers, they petitioned his grace that they might do duty in the trenches—an unprecedented request—however his grace, being very humane, consented to it. It was soon my father's turn of duty. His grace's quarters were a large mansion. One day, it being rainy and dirty weather, my father went to receive his last orders; the post allotted to him was a very dangerous one, from which none had escaped without loss of blood or limb; as he was going, he espied in the yard, where hundreds had been before that morning, a small piece of gold, on which was this motto, 'God will provide for you.' It pleased God that my father escaped, and lived to quit the army, and retire with a comfortable fortune. When after that a villain stripped him of all his money and estate, again the same good God raised him up a friend in his majesty King George the Second, to make him governor of Bermudas, preserved him by sea, and at that place above nine years, brought him safe home, and he lived in comfort to the eighty-ninth year of his age, after all hope had nearly vanished that he should escape. The prophetic motto on this piece being so amply fulfilled, I am anxious that it may always be kept by my dear father's posterity.

6 "JOANNA PITT."

SPARTAN RESOLUTION.

ONE of the Lacedæmonian monarchs, upon the eve of a battle, being willing to save a favourite officer of more than fourscore, desired him to go to Sparta under pretence of business. "Prince," said the venerable old man, "why should you send me so far to seek a bed to die on? Where can I find one more honourable than in the field of battle?" He was permitted to remain; and died in a manner worthy of so noble a character, in fighting for his king and his country, and exhibiting in his old age an uncommon degree of courage and ability.

ANCIENT PENANCES.

STOW says, "In 1383, the 7th of Richard II. the citizens of London first imprisoned such women as were taken in fornication or adultery, in the Tunn (a prison at Cornhill), and after caused them to be brought forth in the sight of the world. They caused their heads to be shaven, after the manner of thieves, whom they named appellators, and so to be led about the city, in sight of all inhabitants, with trumpets and pipes sounding before them, that their persons might be more largely known. Neither did they spare the men." An idea, perhaps, of the ceremonial attending this punishment may be best obtained from the following extract from the "Proceedings of the Court of Aldermen," 1552:—

"Novemb. 23. Item. It was this day orderyd and agryed, that Sir Thomas Sowdely, clerk, who did not deny but playnely confess this day in the full corte that he hathe kept and viciously and carnally used an harlot in his house of a long tyme, namynge her to be hys wyfe, shall to morrowe be caryed abowte the cytie in a carte, with a ray hode on his heade, a whyt rode in his hande, and basons and pannes ringinge before hym, according to the lawes and aunciente customes of this cytie in such case made, provyded, and used."

A punishment not unsimilar is directed for the woman.

With respect to these crimes the conduct of our ancestors seems to have been much wiser than our own. The salutary severity and cutting contempt with which they treated such offenders had a powerful tendency to prevent the frequent recurrence of such criminal conduct. Whereas the venial light in which it is fashionable to treat such shameful violations of the laws of God and society, may justly be considered as one cause that immoralities of this kind are so lamentably common.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater, to R. I. Paget's Charade, inserted June 6.

TO EXMOUTH oft the gay repair,
To taste its sweet, salubrious air.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Woodman, of North-Curry; J. Osborn, J. Treadwin, J. Penny, and Typographus, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; John Trood, and W. D. Champion, Bridgewater; W. G. of Gittisham; J. Channon, and J. Tucker, of Ottery; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; H. Easter, of Poole; Corporal Colley, of the East Cornwall volunteers; W. Kent, of Camelford; R. Luke, of Lanlivery; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Colley, of St. Gedman's; P. Ninnis; J. B. of Exmouth; J. Miller; J. Reynolds; J. Rowden, Heytesbury; W. Courtis, Upton Pyne; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; and W. Petherick, of St. Austell.

Answer, by J. Trood, Bridgewater, to J. A. Dyer's Rebus, inserted June 13.

YOUR mystic whole, without debate,
Is surely nothing but CLIMATE.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Tucker, of Ottery; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. J. of Noss Revelstoke school; John Treadwin, Typographus, J. Saunders, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. G. of Gittisham; and W. Petherick, of St. Austell.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to R. Loosemore's Charade, inserted June 13.

THE guilty VILLAIN oft is caught,
On some fell project bent,
Then unto justice he is brought,
And meets his punishment.

*** Similar answers are received from J. Trood, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; J. Tucker, of Ottery; J. Treadwin, J. Saunders, and J. Osborn, of Exeter; W. G. of Gittisham; W. Kent, of Camelford; Hester Easter, of Poole; F. Arden, of South Petherton; T. Pearse, of Chard; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and W. Petherick, of St. Austell.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

A Note in music first you'll find;
And three vowels call to mind;
Lastly, a beast will form the rear,
My whole a bird it will declare.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

MAY Heav'n avert my dire malignant first!
Nor scourge our favour'd land with plagues accurst;
A pronoun for my second you must find;
A three-part song will bring my next to mind;
Then to complete the sense, and close the rear,
Th' aforesaid pronoun must again appear:
Let Albion's sons evince a noble soul,
And may their actions ever be my whole!

POETRY.

SPANISH WAR-SONG.

THE foe pollutes our native land,
So great, so fam'd in story,
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand
To guard our country's glory:
Her sons have heard the call of Spain,
And rush in crouds to aid her,
Assert her rights, her laws maintain,
And crush the fierce invader.
While every Spaniard's song shall be,
Death—or laurell'd victory.

Let future times, in transport sing
Our glorious revolution,
That spurn'd away an alien king,
A Gallic constitution;
From Spanish hearts, by force to tear
The rights we've learn'd to cherish,
Our frantic foes shall vainly dare,
We'll keep them—or we'll perish;
And ev'ry day our song shall be,
Death—or laurell'd victory.

Soon shall the ruthless robbers learn,
When bent on blood and plunder,
That Spanish bosoms nobly burn
To brave their cannon's thunder;
Then low shall lie those heads whose arts
Have plann'd the world's undoing,
Our vengeful blades shall reach their hearts
Which seek our country's ruin.
And still the Spanish war-song be
Death—or laurell'd victory.

When, with French blood our fields manur'd,
The glorious struggle's ended,
We'll sing the dangers we've endur'd,
The blessings we've defended.
O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting;
And weep o'er those who nobly fell,
Our country's battles fighting;
And then the Spaniard's song shall be,
'Tis valour leads to victory.

MY WEDDING DAY.

A Poem addressed to Mrs A. by JOSEPH ATKINSON, *Esq.*

THIS day—now four and twenty years,
As by recording time appears,
Our marriage rites were blest;
When you, in virgin bloom attir'd,
Shar'd the fond raptures you inspir'd,
And mutual love confest.

'Twas

'Twas not thy fair, angelic face,
Thy shape adorn'd with winning grace,
Which first thy lover lur'd;
'Twas not the radiance of thine eyes,
Where love in playful ambush lies,
Thy husband's heart secur'd.

No, 'twas the features of thy mind,
Those artless manners soft and kind,
Which charm the more they're known;
Powers that can sympathize relief,
Partake my joys, console my grief,
Made constant faith thy own.

For let me boast, with grateful pride,
Since Hymen's bands our hearts allied,
Repentance never came;
For both your looks and temper sweet
Would still my hopes and wishes meet
Each fond return to claim.

Plac'd in the bosom of content,
Friendship to love endearments lent,
To cheer our peaceful dome;
While both confess'd we never found
Thro' dissipation's giddy round
The bliss enjoy'd at home.

And, since, to crown our nuptial bed,
Four blooming olive branches spread,
Our pride's delight and praise;
May they in strength and beauty grow,
The wreath of peace and shelter throw
Around our future days!

Dear pledges of our sacred vows!
If Heav'n a parent's wish allows,
Oh guard and guide their youth,
Their mother's virtues to discern,
Her worth and bright example learn
Of piety and truth.

Then come, Maria, let us trace
Our blessings in our infant race,
As round our knees they play;
My girls shall with your graces smile,
My boy the cares of life beguile,
As honour leads the way.

As thro' the vale of years we glide,
With such an offspring by our side
We'll brave all worldly strife!
And, to complete the happy scene,
May they be blest, as we have been,
In their connubial life!

Then come, ah! make no more delay,
Too long has absence torn away
My dear domestic joys;
For tho' the world in jars encrease,
Thy welcome smiles shall bring that peace
Which public life destroys.

Or shall I catch the vernal gale,
And to that blissful region sail
Which peace has not forsaken?
There, join'd together heart in hand,
Repair to Dunmow's happy land,
And claim the flitch of bacon.